

ITALIANS, AMERICAN STYLE.

THE MICHAEL A. SCUDI ASSOCIATION'S DAY OF FUN.

How and Baseball Good Enough for Them—One Fight, but Mr. Scudi Remarked "Cut It Out," and It Is Cut Out—Why Members Held Themselves Back.

The Michael A. Scudi Association, composed of Italian citizens of New York and a Brooklyn tramway picnic foregathered yesterday at College Point, L. I. The Michael A. Scudi festival was a stag affair. The tramway picnic, which began at the tramway side of the fence, a young thing just lately from Canada, looked over and behind the Italian's coveting in white caps, and her eyes danced.

"How charming," she said. "Hear those men singing that plaintive little song. I suppose it's one of the ditties of their native land."

"It is," said her steady carter, moving her nearer. They were singing:

"Sweet love to you—
How I love you—
And that's the way they are playing over there," said the young thing. "I suppose that is one of those peculiar Italian games."

"It is," said her escort. "It is played with nine men to a side. They try to hit a ball with a bat and then run round those peculiar diamond shaped bases. It is called 'baseball' in Italian."

"Oh," said the young thing. "Then that isn't the native way Italy they are drinking under that apple tree?"

"It is not," said her escort. "It is Harlan beer. And that game they are playing with little square bones, is craps."

It wasn't extremely Italian, this outing of the Michael A. Scudi Association. But it was a royal triumphal procession from the first of the French horns to the last.

At 11 o'clock two brass bands wove their way through the Italian portion of Harlem heading 400 Italians decked in white caps, carrying red and white banners, and accompanied by a band of Italian musicians, the parade of Michael A. Scudi. Before them marched Michael A. Scudi himself. Along the curbs, the wives and children of the grand marshals and assistants and sergeants-at-arms rode the air with cheers for papa. At the 121st street wharf, the good ship, labeled was loading up with twenty-five legs of Italian wine, and a barrel of liquid joy. The fat bartender in charge rolled up his sleeves, tucked his trousers in the tops of his variegated socks, and prepared for the day.

"I make a nine dollars out of tips last year," he said. "This year I make a eleven. You see, he was Joe, remember, he was Joe. For the Michael A. Scudi Association was charging the bar."

The land which represents the pomp and pageantry of Harlem, the Italian Caribbees, tooled a mighty toot. Three games of craps and one wheel of fortune wheeled into action. The cop clubbed back 400 boys who were tired of the away, and the annual triumph of Michael A. Scudi was on.

From Harlem to Long Island was one paradise of the games committee, a day's root and hop beer, craps, conversation and song. All Italy was represented, from the ancient and honorable padrones who scorn English and still wear rags and ears, to the youths in mauve and white neckties who speak the Bowers dialect and have opinions on Jim Jeffries's knees.

While at the fashionable hour of 12:30 the association had breakfast in the dining pavilion, the fat waiter prepared the pressed pig with pounds and pounds of fried. Catching that pig was the first number on the afternoon's sport programme.

Eight young Italians were put for the pig. Tony Bracci, who had a fine, fat pig, and last year won the greased pig, and last year overboard on the way home. This boy was to wipe out the past. Tony is an expert on greased pigs, and he has put on suits of overalls he stripped of the underclothes and rubbed dirt on his hands and feet.

The Michael J. Scudi Association gathered in one great circle. The chairman of the games committee held the contestants in leash while the fat waiter brought out his pig. The animal was dumped on the ground. He cast a look around and fell to rooting in the clover. The waiter professed to be backed up against the stick. The waiter beat him. The pig squealed and kicked out his hind leg, but continued to root.

A greased pig run is a failure. Some heartless butcher had done the Michael A. Scudi Association.

"Put pepper on his nose," said the ear. "Poke him up," yelled the crowd in Italian and English and Italian-English. Fifty disciples of Scudi beat the pig with canes, and fifty uncoupled hands made frantic gestures. The pig continued to root. At last moved by fifty canes shoving together, the pig took one step. In that instant the vigilance of the games committee relaxed. The eight contestants burst a leash and dived upon the pig.

The mix-up was like a football game plus Italian cap and Italian shoes. The half back comes out of a scrimmage, Tony, with his underclothes all bare, came out of the pile and streaked across the clover carrying a squealing and frightened pig. He laid the pig down in a swamp and sat on him while the games committee argued over the casualty awarded to Tony, partly because he got his thumb bitten, partly because he certainly did hold the pig, and partly because he lost his prize the year before.

The beer was flowing by the bucketful, and happiness reigned. The supply ran low, but Scudi, with a yell, was by, and would choke a cow, rolled fresh kegs into the breach. He was everywhere, and he settled everything. If the umpire made a phony decision, it was appealed to Scudi, and his decision went, umpire or no umpire. Did a bartender overcharge, Scudi quelled him. The only fight of the afternoon was squelched by Scudi. At 1:15, in a moment of careless merriment, presented a tiger lily to a girl attached to the tramway picnic. The thereupon strapped the Italian and her escort. Scudi happened along.

"Here, cut that out," said Scudi. The Italian said several things at once in his native tongue.

"I don't make no difference, cut it out," said Scudi.

It was cut out.

The band, and the master of ceremonies moved to the race course. The first honorary vice-president brought out three gold medals offered by the association for the foot races. Forty-six young men entered the half mile run at once. It had to be brought off in nine heats. The athletic strength of Italy doesn't lie in their running. The contestants streaked out at a hundred yard pace, and the winner left behind him a trail of collapsed contestants lying on their backs along the track. In the third heat, the winner, seeing that all the rest were dead and out of it, walked home to the tape.

But when it came to the finals, there was trouble. The winner of the eighth heat refused to run when he learned that the prize was a medal and a pair of shoes.

"I win a medal last year," he said. "I could win a medal for seventy-five cents. What you think I am? A horse?" He was out out. The race was won by a man who sneaked in at the second lap. He was discovered and the race was run over again. And still most of the contestants lived until dinner time, although Michael A. Scudi had to be called in to revive one of them.

The beer, wonderful to relate, lasted until dinner time. A member who hung pretty close to the keg explained that they were holding back because they were acting like gentlemen so as to be a credit to Mr. Scudi.

"I no getta drunk," he explained. "I suppose some fresh guy he talks smart to me, maybe I let him talk."

As the old chronicles relate, dinner closed a happy day. Mr. Scudi made a speech. There was beer, craps and joy all the way home, and at the 121st street pier all Italy with another band and many fireworks was there to see the third procession of the day.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

Police Commissioner McAdoo and his Third Deputy, Mr. Lindsay, are great chums. They frequently go to amusement places together, and recently they have been rounding up the roof gardens. The Commissioner has shown a great deal of interest in examining roof gardens. On the newest roof garden in town, which is also the highest, he had the manager show him all the ways of getting to the roof in case of fire. He has since expressed himself as satisfied that the managers of the roof gardens have taken every precaution for the safety of their patrons.

A negro undertaker is about to open a new establishment in the heart of the Tenderloin, where thousands of his race live. The front of his shop is painted black and the interior, including the walls and floor, is of the same color. Said the undertaker in his own defence:

"That color represents my business and the people I bury."

A tall man appears at the box office of the Victoria road garden every night at the same hour. He buys an admission ticket and gets to the roof about the time that Paul Spadoni, the cannon ball juggler, appears to do his turn. Spadoni juggles for each autumn round the garden. He turns by catching twenty of the balls on the back of his neck as fast as an assistant can throw them at him. The tall man stands by the tall man while the roof garden especially to see it.

"I want to be on hand," said he, "when that juggler makes a mistake of half an inch and one of those balls lands on his head instead of the back of his neck."

On the Fulton street side of St. Paul's chapel is a large window made up of small squares of stained glass. The fact that one of the small panes is broken led to these remarks from the observant citizen:

"To my certain knowledge that window was broken from the year ago. Why it has never been fixed I don't know. Every spring Trinity Corporation, which owns St. Paul's chapel, spends a lot of money on the grounds, plants flowers, painting the church roof, putting up new drain pipes and the like; but they never mend that window."

Hundreds of persons hurrying across City Hall Park one hot evening this week stopped for a few minutes at the fountain on the sidewalk at Mail street to watch a sorrel horse with a white starred face and white socks cooling himself in the fountain. The sorrel was one of a pair, heavy and fagged, hitched to a heavy express wagon. He plunged his velvet head into the water, and then jerked his head upward and backward, throwing the refreshing drops on his own back and his teammates.

"Dan," his proud driver said his name was. He kept it up for five minutes until both horses looked as if they had been in a swim. Dan, who was much delighted with the trick as the crowd did in watching him. When his driver reined up the team the crowd applauded, and Dan trotted away with his head high.

"Horses are not fools when they are treated right," said a man in the crowd, but that's the first I ever saw that knew that a horse was a horse. It's common enough among elephants, but unusual among horses."

There is a new restaurant in upper Broadway which so far has not had many patrons. At night the place is almost deserted. The proprietor is a young man and he does his best to make Broadway pedestrians think he is having a thriving business. He sits with his back to Broadway and sips coffee most of the early evening. In order that passers by may not suspect that the same man is continually in the place, he changes his coat frequently. Inside of half an hour in one night recently he changed it three times.

J. W. Cox, who bet \$10,000 in London the other day with ex-Mayor Van Wyck, John P. Carroll and J. M. Shaw that Grover Cleveland would not be elected if nominated, and \$4,000 to \$400 with Mr. Van Wyck that the ex-President would not be the choice of the St. Louis convention, is almost as devoted to William J. Bryan as Dr. John H. Edwards of the city. Mr. Cox is a rich man who has never wavered in his allegiance to the Nebraska. He lives in the Twenty-fifth Assembly district and can usually be found about the Hoffman House when the political pot is boiling. He wagered a big sum of money on Coler when the Comptroller ran for Governor in 1902.

"I see you are a rifle shot," remarked Philosopher Simeon Ford to a man who after a good deal of sparring for place at last sat down on a seat in the hotel corridor by the side of New York's landlord orator.

"How do you make that out?" asked Mr. Ford's companion.

"Oh, easy enough. You are deaf in your left ear. All the Creedmoor experts are that way. I am deaf in my left ear myself and I got it shooting rifles. I met Gleditsielev and I was backing and filling and dodging to get a position where my right ear would be on him, and he was manoeuvring at the same time for an opening where he could rake me with his rifle. The right ear is the right ear, as I have just said to you, that he observed I was a rifle shot. It was the first time I had heard that all rifle shots were deaf in their left ears, but I have noticed it ever since and know that it is true."

"The reason of it is that all the concussion of the rifle explosion comes on the left ear drum. The right ear is protected by the gunstock and partly protected by the gunstock being brought up to the cheek when the gun is fired."

Gottfried Westermacher, Deputy Commissioner of Bridges for Brooklyn in the last city administration, was by no means a lightweight. About 420 pounds was his figure. When he found he had to visit the City Hall almost daily, because a nearby bridge (the Manhattan Bridge) was being repaired, he was in a quandary. He was a generous Teuton and a quarter tipper, so the barber made two chairs into one.

Now the Deputy Commissioner for Brooklyn is out and the barber doesn't know how to do with the chair.

Hundreds of pigeons swarm about the Grand Central Station, and their favorite feeding ground is right in the midst of all the turmoil, at the corner where the electric car tunnels debouch into Forty-second street. The cab drivers at the stand in front of the hotel there supply the food, scattering the oats for their horses broadcast on the Grand Central sidewalk.

The pigeons may come and eat. The ground there yesterday was iridescent with the plumage of a dense flock of birds.

"They are as easy little creatures," said a cabman, as he removed his pipe, leaning comfortably against a wheel of his hansom. "They will hardly get out of your way if you walk through them, and the chance they'll take with horses' feet will make your hair stand. Lots of them get trampled on and killed and many more have their wings and legs broken."

One of the large department stores has made it a custom for years to open a cottage at one of the seaside resorts in the summer for the store girls. This year it is at Long Branch. Each Saturday sixty girls from the store go down to the cottage to spend a week, and are replaced by sixty others on the following Saturday. In this way every girl in the firm's employ gets a chance to enjoy a week at the seashore at the store's expense. The cottage contains four rooms, and is so well appointed that in many respects it is superior to some hotels on the ocean front.

DEUTSCHLAND SANK A FISHER.

CAME ON HER KNEES IN NIGHT AND FOO-CREW SAFE.

Blow That Sifted Off Two-Master's Quarter Not Noticeable on the Line—Ethel Barrymore Was Present—First She Heard Was a Profanity from Outboard.

It was ten miles east of Nantucket lightship, the sea was placid, yesterday was less than an hour old, and there was no wind worth recording in the log of the Hamburg-American liner Deutschland as she thrashed off 18 knots or so, which is the way the racing ships go to Sandy Hook.

A cheerful fisherman of Gloucester was also bound west from the Banks, with forty barrels of mackerel under hatches, and she was only a few liner lengths ahead of the Deutschland. She was the Harry G. French, a mere cockle-shell of a two-masted, less than 80 feet long, whose topmasts hardly rose above the main deck of the German giantess.

The lookouts on the liner were doubled and were vigilant, but they could not see so small a thing as a 100-ton smack in a heavy sea through a fog as thick as any that ever have veiled sudden death off Nantucket.

Capt. McKay of the French had his forenoon going, according to regulations, but who can hear the foghorn of a little fisherman when the wind is in the wrong direction and the engines of a big ship are murmurous? The skipper might have whistled the national anthem with almost as much hope of warding off the impending peril of the great racer.

The lookouts saw the smack when she was less than a mile off the liner's length away. She was sailing indolently on the same course as the liner. Capt. Kaempff, in a gallant and careful navigator, was on the bridge, as he always is when fog is thick, and he signalled to the engine room, "Stop and full speed astern."

But the way of the ship could not be overcome in an instant; and although her screws were going astern she hit the smack on the starboard quarter, carving off enough of her to let a great food.

Capt. McKay and his sixteen hardy fishermen launched a dory in a hurry and got away from the Harry G. French before she had a chance to fill. Meanwhile, the liner had begun to stop, and she was in a few seconds she made it so fast that she created an enormous suction ahead, and the disabled smack was drawn into the swirling water and sent spinning like a whirling dervish.

Capt. Kaempff had been swift. A lifeboat was swung out on the davits and was ready to lower before the liner had been stopped. The shock of the collision was not perceptible to passengers who had gone to bed, and it was only the reverberation of the engines that made them guess that something had happened. It was one of the quietest sea knockouts on record.

Not even the skipper of the smack swore until Ethel Barrymore, who was a passenger, got back on deck. She had been out promading with her husband, and she was with John Drew, and had started for her stateroom when she heard a voice—it was the skipper's—come up hoarsely out of the depths of the log on the starboard side.

"Why in hell don't you throw us a line?" She became interested and peered over the side. Then the men who had swung out the lifeboat, hooped up, and a line was hurled over to the fishermen. Capt. Kaempff asked:

"Are all of you there?" and the skipper responded, "Aye, aye, sir." A sea ladder was lowered and the unhurt fishermen clambered aboard. Naturally they had not had time to comb their hair and put on their best clothes, and Capt. Kaempff thought it a proper thing to start a subscription for them after the ship's company had had breakfast. Miss Barrymore thought a rescue might make a fine scene for a new play that she is going to appear in next season. She says she knows something of this play, but she is not sure about it.

The skipper did not care about saving his dory, and as the Deutschland did not stop, it was set adrift. The subscription, which helped to take the fishermen back to Gloucester, was \$200. Capt. Kaempff apologized to Capt. McKay, who asked him not to mention it. He doubted whether it would be mentioned in a little bill that will be submitted to the Hamburg-American line by the Yankee skipper and the other owner of the fisherman, John Chieholm of Gloucester.

FINE NEW HEBREW CLUBHOUSE.
The Criterion, Built and Equipped Regardless of Cost, Opens Its Doors.

The new home of the Criterion Club, 683 Fifth avenue, was opened for the inspection of members last night. The formal opening will be held a fortnight hence. Meantime the club will continue to use its first and old home on the northeast corner of Fifth avenue and Forty-third street.

The Criterion was organized ten years ago by a number of wealthy young Hebrews, and its career has been one of prosperity. It is strictly a man's social club, and solely for Hebrews. Every one of its 200 members is well to do. Most of them are Wall Street brokers. When the old clubhouse became too small for the comfort of the members the ground on which the new home stands was bought. The new building has an avenue frontage of thirty feet and is 125 feet deep. It is six stories high.

The clubhouse is not nearly as large as many others, but there is no finer appointed club in town. Money has been spent on it without stint. Every room represents a different period.

The front of the ground floor is taken up by the office. The rear part of this floor will be used by the kitchen help. An elevator carries members to the lounging room on the second floor. The elevator opens into a foyer. The lounging room faces Fifth avenue. This room is done in the style of Louis XVI. The room is a handsome mahogany, and the doorways and the draperies are green. The electric lights are veiled.

In the centre of the building, adjoining the foyer, on this floor, is the café. In the rear is the dining room. This room is 52 feet long by 30 feet wide and it will seat 200 persons. It is in the old Flemish style, with everything to match.

On the floor above is the library, done in the early Colonial period. There are several private dining rooms on this floor, in which members may give private dinner parties. In the rear is an immense card room, where everything can be played but poker.

Poker is not barred, and on the floor above several rooms will be devoted to that game. On the same floor are the billiard rooms. On the fifth floor are sleeping rooms for members, with electric and gas baths and a gymnasium. On the top floor are the staterooms.

The members had nothing but praise for the new home last night. Wassermann is the President. The other officers are: Vice-president, Alfred J. Seligman; treasurer, Meyer Seligman; secretary, Henry S. Sternberg; and the governors are Jesse Lewinsohn, Samuel M. Goldsmith, Herman Ramitzer and Alfred M. Leopold.

Little Ride Stealers Bagged.
Twelve boys, from 9 to 13 years of age, were arrested by plain clothes men from the Oak street police station last night for stealing rides on Third and Second avenue trolley cars passing through Park row.

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